Continued from First Page.

of the meeting. Yeager, who has first call on Hildebrand, had leased his services to the Columbia Stable, but after making the agreement the plunger decided to start his own colt Leonidas, and naturally wanted Hildebrand to ride him, but the stewards ruled that Hildebrand would have to take the mount on Graziallo, so Yeager was compelled to put up little Miller.

With this tangle straightened out there was nothing left but the final preparations of the horses and the placing of wagers. The betting ring for a half hour before the race was started was filled with a fighting mob. The business man, the clerk, the professional plunger and the railbird, the piker and the politician were hungry for Delhi. The bookmakers, some with heavy bankrolls in their satchels and others comparatively small sums to lose, braced themselves for the attack.

They opened Delhi the favorite at 5 to 2, They opened Delhi. the favorite at 5 to 2, with 5 to 1 against Colonial Girl, and also Dainty and Proper. Graziallo was held at sixes, while 8 to 1 was the quotation against August Eslmont's Lord of the Vale, the winner of last year's Saratoga Handicap, and S. S. Brown's Broomstick, the holder of the world's record for a mile and a quarter, made in the Brighton Handicap a year ago. Ostrich was offered at twelves, with Pasadena, Leonidas and Sir Brillar generally passed up at all sorts of prices.

DELHI THE PADDOCK KING. While the speculation was going on there was a quiet scene in the paddook. After the warming up gallops had been completed the thoroughpreds were led to their stalls, where their glossy coats were rubbed dry with rough towels and the saddles were strapped on. Delhi had the stall nearest the olubhouse balcony, which was thronged, with enthusiastic women.

strapped on. Delhi had the stall nearest the olubhouse balcony, which was thronged with enthusiastic women.

James R. Keene and his son Foxhall P. Keene stood within a few feet of Delhi as Trainer Rowe patted the horse's nose and talked to him in a low tone. It seemed as if Rowe was confiding something to the Ben Brush colt, so earnestly did he whisper, and the horse certainly looked as if he understood, for a more intelligent race-horse never stood upon four plates. In appearance Delhi was the king of them all. Royally bred, this magnificent racer held his head aloft as if to indicate his superiority over all rivals. His eyes were flashing and his feet were pawing up the turf impatiently as Tommy Burns, wearing a confident grin and the famous Keene silks—white, blue spots—was helped into the saddle.

"Take him to the front, Tommy," said Bowe as a parting injunction. "He ought to run the eyeballs out of the others, for he is fit and ready."

"All right Mr. Rowe," replied Burns, still grinning, "I'll ride to orders, never fear, and I'll come home alone."

In the next stall August Belmont's Lord of the Vale, the fire-year-old son of Hastings—Lady Violet, had received the final touches from Trainer Jack Joyner. He had been carefully inspected by such men as Clarence H. Mackay, Harry Payne Whitney, H. B. Duryea, Sydney Paget and others, but the shrewd horsemen for some reason did not seem to care much for him, for they were divided in their attentions as to Delhi and Colonial Girl.

The latter, a six-year-old daughter of

were divided in their attentions as to Delhi and Colonial Girl.

The latter, a six-year-old daughter of Meddler—Springtide, who became famous last year by winning the \$50,000 World's Fair Handicap at St. Louis from E. R. Thomas's Hermis, had been widely tipped. She carried 111 pounds, receiving therefore eleven pounds by the scale from Delhi. Commissioners were soon busy hurrying from the paddock to place wagers upon her for Otto Stifel and others who, in conjunction with the mare's owner, C. E. Rowe, won \$40,000 on La Sorciere at Belmont Park on Wednesday. Booker had the mount and the mare certainly looked in superb condition.

NO FAITH IN BROOMSTICK.

NO FAITH IN BROOMSTICK.

There was apparently little confidence in Broomstick, for no big money went into the ring as in the case of Colonial Girl, who, by the way, was backed down to fours at post time. Broomstick was ridden by Jack Martin in Capt. Brown's well known colors, cherry, blue cap. Further down the line in the paddock were the Jennings starters. Dainty, a five-year-old more by starters. Dainty, a five-year-old mare by Golden Garter-Rosebud, who broke some records in California last winter after winning a number of important races on winning a number of important races on the Eastern turf, and Proper, a five-year-old horse by Prestonpans--Prim II., who ran third in last year's Brooklyn. Dainty carried 114 pounds, while Proper picked up 108, allotments that were regarded suitable. George Odom, the veteran, rode Dainty, while Frank O'Neill, another high class icockey, had the lear up on Proper Dainty, while Frank O'Neill, another high class jockey, had the leg up on Proper Graziallo, because he had been carrying big weight in nearly all of his races the last month, was regarded by the experts as a sure factor, and "show bets" on his chances were placed all over the ring. Leonidas, a son of Hamburg—Boise, who when owned by the late William C. Whitney

when owned by the late William C. Whitney ran second to Hamburg Belle in the Futurity, apparently had no friends during the paddock inspection, and the same may be said of Pasadena, by Ben Strome—Blue Bells, who carried the colors of Mrs. James McLaughlin. Sir Brillar, a three-year-old owned by C. T. Henshall, was another friendless animal, with the exception of his owner and trainer, who tried to convince people that he really had a chance and was saving "I told you so" after the race, even though he did not get a slice of the money. the money. OSTRICH WELL PLAYED TO SHOW. Ostrich, who had a big pull at the weights; was ridden by Willie Knapp, the Western jockey, and was backed down to tens, though the bulk of the money was placed on him to show. Those who wanted to cinch

on him to show. These who wanted to chick matters played Delhi a place at 6 to 5, Co-lonial Girl to run second at 8 to 5, with the Jennings Stable at 2 to 1 on the same propo-The moment the bugle sounded an army rushed out of the betting ring to the lawn which was even then overrun. The lower grand stand was packed, but there were some vacant seats in the upper tier. The overflow from the field which had taken place before the third race resulted in a line up of humanity along the track rails from the head of the stretch where the barrier had head of the stretch where the barrier had been fixed right down to the judges' stand. Leonidas had been led to the post by a stable hand before the parade for public inspection began. As he was not in favor he was allowed to pass unnoticed. But there was a different feeling of sentiment when Delhi appeared, for a ripple of applause soon swelled into a roar of welcome for the Keene horse as he stepped out upon the dusty track, the proud monarch of all he surveyed.

he surveyed. The others had no sooner come into puba cool observation of the candidates, and from paddock to field the opinion prevailed that if Delhi could not triumph in this instance he would lose caste forever in the public estimation.

QUICK START BAD FOR JENNINGS'S ENTRY. Starter Cassidy had ridden up to the post in his lumbering wago with a corps of assistants, who stood ready to whip the fractious horses into submission. The allotment of post positions had given the rail to Colonial Girl, with Pasadena next, then Sir Brillar, Broomstick, Graziallo, Ostrich, Delhi, Dainty, Lord of the Vale, Ostrich, Deini, Dainty, Lord of the Vale, Leonidas and Proper on the extreme out-side. Before the horses had had a chance to get a breathing spell, Starter Cassidy caught them in a line and let the barrier go. Proper and Dainty, strange to say, refused to break and were beaten then and there, neither of them ever getting out of the dust cloud which was kicked up behind the field, and both bringing up the rear of the procession at the end of the journey.

sooner had the field been sent away

No sconer had the field been sent away than the crowd was in an uproar. Conspicuously in front came Delhi down the stretch fighting for his head, with Burns peeking around at the others and having a double wrap on the bridle.

With a magnificent stride and a dazzling turn of speed it looked even that early as if Delhi was the master of the situation. As he bounded over the soft cushion of the track there was no friction in his move-

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ments and he seemed to be able to run all

day, while the others, thus put at a dis-advantage, were being hustled along by their excited riders in a vain attempt to make up the advantage so quickly taken at the outset.
Grazisllo was the second horse when the

Graziallo was the second horse when the judges' stand was reached. He was three lengths behind Delhi and the same distance before Colonial Girl, with Lord of the Vale three lengths back, followed close by Pasadena, Ostrich, Broomstick and Leonidas. Sir Brillar was back in the ruck, a few lengths in front of Proper and Dainty, and entirely overlooked. He had gotten away poorly, but little Kelly, who had the mount, nursed him along with cool headed judgment, gradually making up ground and looking for a chance to run over some of the horses gradally making up ground and locating for a chance to run over some of the horses in front of him when the crisis was reached. At the half mile pole Delhi still had a lead of three lengths. Burns at this point had let him down somewhat and, becoming anxious, was ready to go to work at the slightest indication of a challenge from the nearest competitor. Graziallo was still the runner up at this stage of the proceedings, Colonial Girl, who was third, having been unable to reduce his advantage; but Lord of the Vale was now only half a length behind the Meddler mare and looked as if he might accomplish something after all. Ostrich had moved up into fifth place, half a length back and the same margin before Pasadena, while Broomstick, Leonidas and Sir Briliar were running in a bunch not far away. or a chance to run over some of the horse running in a bunch not far away. GRAZIALLO MAKES HIS RUN.

It was at the three-quarter pole that Hildebrand began to get busy with Graziallo. The star jockey believed that if he could once get upon even tarms with Delhi he would make him quit, so, cutting Graziallo loose at the beginning of the far turn, he rapidly reduced Delhi's lead until it was only half a length. Burns, always on the alert, saw the bold bid for leadership and sat down to ride the Keene horse.

Delhi is beaten! roared the crowd from end to end. "Graziallo has got him and will win!" But this prediction was ill timed, for Delhi had not really been put to the test and Burns was waiting for the last grueling rush through the home-

to the test and Burns was waiting for the last grueling rush through the homestretch. With Graziallo's brace came another by Colonial Girl, but under the strain the Meddler mare hegan to stop, as did Lord of the Vale, who dropped back into the ruck as if he had been shot.

Ostrich bounded up to within a length or

Lord of the Vale, who dropped back into the ruck as if he had been shot.

Ostrich bounded up to within a length or so of Colonial Girl just as the end of the far turn was reached, where Leonidas and Sir Brillar were making gallant attempts to get into the swim. But these incidents were overlooked by the great crowd, as all eyes were fixed upon Delhi and Graziallo as they rushed out of the turn into the straight run home. The moment Delhi pointed his nose toward the judges' stand Burns drew his whip.

Again the cry went up that the Keene horse was besten, but when Hildebrand also put Graziallo under the lash it was quickly realized that the Rapallo colt was feeling the effects of the strain and would have a hard time to win. Colonial Girl had stopped, although Booker was still urging her on, while Ostrich, closing gamely under Knapp's punishment, was overhauling Graziallo with every stride. Up from the ruck Sir Brillar came, too, with an irresistible turn of speed, though nobody except the keen observers of the kaleidoscopic change of colors in the race noted change of colors in the race noted

Delhi was the magnet that drew the eves away from all else in the race. Would he stop or would he continue his grand rush for victory? That was the question that thousands asked themselves as Burns continued to cut the racer's flanks with his merciles wearner. merciless weapon.

There was no doubt that Graziallo was

unable to take the measure of the Keene horse at the last sixteenth pole, for he was stopping under a heavy drive, with Ostrich on even terms with him

on even terms with him.

Sir Brillar, the 100 to 1 shot, was looming up in a threatening manner, too, and those who had bet \$2 on him were howling like lunatics. But their cries were drowned by the wild cheers for Delhi as he raced on to victory.

DELHI WINS UNDER THE WHIP. Though Burns saw that he had the race in hand a hundred yards from the wire, he continued to use his whip to make it a sure continued to use his whip to make it a sure thing. He could have drawn a fine finish and still have captured the rich prize, but there was no use in taking chances. Knapp was hard at work on Ostrich right up to the end, but Delhi held his own. When he passed the judges there was the usual wild demonstration, although it was not so interes as if the finish had been

Delhi was a tired horse, but pulled up as sound as a dollar, and Burns, still wear-ing the grin which had never left his face, received an ovation as he rode back proudly

not so intense as if the finish had been

There was no floral horseshoe in which There was no floral horseshoe in which Burns could sit in all his glory, but all the way to the paddock men leaned over the rail and patted him on the back, commending him for his clever horsemanship.

No sconer had the numbers of the first three horses been hoisted than the crowd, or a greater part of it, carried away with enthusiasm and the desire to cash winning wagers, kicked up a blinding cloud of dust in a mad rush back to the betting ring. It was Dehl's day and the rublic was with him.

was Delhi's day and the public was with him The Brooklyn Handleap of \$20,000; for three-year-olds and upward: one mile and a quarter; Horse and Age. Wi. Jockey. Betting. Fin.

Delhi, 4...	124	Burns...	3-1	6-5	1
Delhi, 4...	124	Burns...	3-1	6-5	1
Ostrich, 4...	96	W. Knapp...	16-1	3-1	2
Graziallo, 4...	109	Hildebrand	7-1	5-2	3
Srl. Brillar, 8...	94	J. Kally...	10-1	20-1	4
Colonial Giri, 6...	11	A. W. Booker	4-1	9-5	5
Pasadena, 8...	93	McDaniel...	28-1	10-1	
Lord of the Vale, 5...	118	W. Davis...	12-1	4-7	
Lord of the Vale, 5...	118	W. Davis...	12-1	4-7	
Broomstick, 4...	119	Martin...	12-1	5-1	9
Proper, 5...	108	O'Neill...	5-1	2-1	11
*Jennings entry...	Time, 2:06 2-5.				

Poor start; won driving; Delhi, br. c., 4, by Ben Brush-Vera, owned by James R. Keene; trained by James Rowe.

WATERLOO FOR FIRST WATER. August Belmont's Woolwich Beats Him in the Expectation Stakes.

Next to Delhi's triumph the most sensational event of the day was the unexpected defeat of Newton Bennington's hitherto invincible colt First Water, by Watercress-Sweet, in the rich Expectation Stakes for two-year-olds at five furlongs.

If ever a race looked to be a sure thing for a favorite this event was the one. Having beaten all comers in his previous starts, First Water, though he took up 125 pounds and gave ten pounds to each of his competitors, was thought to have this rich turf prize completely at his mercy.

Though seven youngsters met him in the struggle for riches and glory, the lowest price against any of them was 10 to 1, while First Water, who had opened at 3 to 5, closed at 9 to 20, only the heavy plungers taking a chance to win what is known on the race-

a chance to win what is known on the race-track as cinch money.

August Belmont's Woolwich, a chestnut colt by Hastings—Woodbine, was played in a desultory manner to run second to First Water, some persons who like to shoot at the moon taking a chance in the

the race was between First Water and Woolwich. They dashed off at top sped, and quick as a flash First Water showed in front, but could not leave Woolwich.

When they got to the turn First Water, who was on the outside, bore out, and then it was that Woolwich got his head in front. In the next dozen strides this advantage was increased to half a length, and at the head of the stretch it was a length. First Water staggered under punishment and steadily lost ground, though O'Neil whipped him with all the strength in his good right arm. But it was all to no purpose, for Woolwich came home a comparatively easy winner by two lengths in 1:02 1-5, with First Water five lengths in front of Sydney Paget's Water Wing, by Watercress—Star Light, a 20 to 1 shot, who was a head in front of P. J. Dwyer's Quorum, by Dr. McBride—Quesal, the extreme outsider. H. B. Duryea's McKittredge, a half brother to McChesney, was fifth.

First Water as soon as O'Neil got past the wire showed unmistakable lameness. Owner Bennington and Trainer Burlew examined the colt in the paddock and said that his injury, which was in the nature of a stone bruise, would not necessarily mean

examined the colt in the paddock and said that his injury, which was in the nature of a stone bruise, would not necessarily mean his retirement from the turf. They declared that the stone bruise was evident several days ago, but that it disappeared under treatment, and that after a breading gallop in the morning with light plates on the colt pulled up perfectly sound. Turf

under treatment, and that after a breeding gallop in the morning with light plates on the colt pulled up perfectly sound. Turf sharps predicted a week ago that this racer, for whom Bennington recently refused an offer of \$30,000, could not stand the strain of constant racing much longer.

The first race, a haudicap for all ages, at about six furlongs, was the medium for a killing with a three-year-old colt named Ivan the Terrible, by Pirate of Penzance—Kate Pelletier. He is owned and trained by W. W. Darden, and was backed down to 8 to 1. Lyne, who had the mount, rode him with perfect judgment. He took hold of the colt at the start, secured a nice position behind Lady Amella, the odds on favorite; Shot Gun and Bohemia, the pacemakers, and then going to the outside at the last furlong pole he went on to a driving victory by two lengths in 1:10 2-5. Bohemia, at 20 to 1, finished second, a length and a half in front of the top weight. Shot Gun, who was backed down to 9 to 1, and beat Workman, a 12 to 1 shot, for third money by a head. Lady Amelia quit in the middle of the stretch and finished sixth. Thousands of dollars were wagered on Davy Johnson's Jaquin, an 11 to 5 favorite in the second race, at a mile and a sixteenth. Northern Star made the running for a half

nousands of nollars were wagered on Davy Johnson's Jaquin, an 11 to 5 favorite in the second race, at a mile and a sixteenth. Northern Star made the running for a half a mile and then blew up, after which Jaquin went to the front and breezed home, a winner by four lengths, in 1:48. Jane Holly, at 10 to 1, had no trouble in taking the place from S. S. Brown's Conjuror, second choice, with Orthodox, 25 to 1, a couple of lengths out of the money.

The fifth race, for three year-olds and upward, selling, brought out a field of sixteen and resulted in an easy victory for J. A. Wernberg's Colonel Ruppert. He was played down from 7 to 3 to 1. Burns opened up a gap of two lengths in the first quarter and won easily by three lengths from Little Woods, 15 to 1, Jetsam, 10 to 1, was third. The time was 1:103-5.

Newton Bennington furnished the winner in the last race. His colt Voorhees, backed down to 4 to 1, second choice, romped home an easy winner by two lengths. Don

an easy winner by two lengths. Don Diego, the three to 1 favorite, was second, and Transmute, 16 to 5, was third. FIRST RACE. Handleap; for all ages; \$1,200 added; about six

and trained by W. W. Darden.

SECOND BACE.

Selling: for three-year-olds and upward; \$1,000 added; one mile and a sixteenth:

Horse and Age. Wt. Jockey. Betting. Fin.
Jacquin, 4. 101. J. J. Waish 11-5 even 14
Jane Holly, 6. 104. W. Knapp 10-1 4-1 22
Conjurer, 4. 111. Martin. 4-1 8-5 36
Orthodox, 4. 20 06. Speriing. 25-1 8-1 4
Priority, 5. 20 0. Olney. 50-1 20-1 5
Mabel Richardsoft 104. Diggins. 8-1 2-1 8
Kehalian, 5. 100. Kent. 15-1 6-1 7
Northern Star, 6. 109. O'Nelli. 10-1 4-1 8
Gotowin, 3. 88. Miller. 15-1 6-1 19
Hippocrates, 4. 108. Scholl. 50-1 20-1 11
Hippocrates, 4. 108. Scholl. 50-1 20-1 12
Wizard, 4. 103. Burns. 5-1 2-1 13
Ella Snyder, 5. 109. W. Davis. 50-1 20-1 14
Time, 1:48
Good start; won easily; Jacquin, b. c., 4, by Knight SECOND BACE.

Good start; won easily; Jacquin, b. c., 4, by Knight of the Thistic—Lady Alice, owned by D. C. Johnson; trained by F. D. Weir.

FIFTH BACE. Selling: for three-year-olds: \$1,000 added: about six furiongs:

SIXTH BACK.

malden two-year-olds; \$1,000 added; five

METS RULED THE BETTING RING

Only Organization Bookmakers Occupy the Front Line. For some mysterious reason not in accordance with the policy of the track managers which held sway at Belmont Park, the members of the Metropolitan Turf Association which, it was understood, would not be recognized in future in any capacity,

occupied the entire front line in the betting There were eighty-nine Mets sitting in comfortable high back chairs a half hour before the first race was run. Their presence completely filled the space allotted to the front liners, so that the five non-members who were placed on equal terms with the Mets at Belmont Park were compelled to return to their former positions in the back line, although they protested in vain.

The Mets at no time during the Belmont Park meeting were able to meet the requirements of the track owners, that eighty books should be in the front line, but this time they exceeded the number and incidentally more than a dozen members who had not booked for some time made their appearance ready for business. In this lot were C. M. Nelson, Fred Brower, Robert Wynn, C. E. White, J. H. Berk, Moe Dinkelspiel, D. J. Hutchinson, N. P. Waldman, D. H. Baldwin, Alec Ullman, Joe Murphy, M. C. Lewis and the California bookmakers Joe Harlan and Bill Jackman.

August Belmont's Woolwich, a chestnut colt by Hastings—Woodbine, was played in a desultory manner to run second to First Water, some persons who like to shoot at the moon taking a chance in the straight betting at 10 to 1.

From the moment the barrier was raised and Bill Jackman.

As no bookmakers paid a cent for the so-called privileges for which the admission price was raised, the question was naturally asked by many interested in the situation, Why are the Mets permitted to have all the front line positions to the detriment of the five non-members

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BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTIONS

who have been booking ever since the ring was declared an open one and have met all obligations?

Nobody would say whether the Brooklyn Jockey Club was responsible for this unlooked for turn in affairs. But from the way the Mets looked and talked one would draw the inference that they had reached some sort of an understanding with somebody by which their so-called rights would be respected, even though they had not paid the usual fees.

As matters stood the ring could not be declared an open affair, for men in the back line who wanted to do business in the front line were informed that they could not enjoy that privilege. To an outsider it would seem as if there is some difference of opinion among the powers that be as to the treatment to be accorded to the Metropolitan Turf Association which may lead to some interesting developments.

In addition to the eighty-nine Mets there

ments.

In addition to the eighty-nine Mats there were seventy-one layers in the back line and twenty-six standups, making 186 books in the big ring with 106 in the field, or a total of 292 layers within the enclosure.

closure.

The bookmakers in order to be prepared The bookmakers in order to be prepared for any crusade against them by Peter DeLacy and other enemies of racing went to the track with bondsmen in case of arrest. There was no trouble, however, and Police Magistrates Voorhees, Tighe and Naumer, who were present, said that no warrants had been applied for. If there is to be any raid at all it will come within the next few days.

KILLING WITH COL. RUPPERT. More Than \$100,000 Won From the Books on Jerry Wernberg's Colt.

The biggest killing of the year was pulled off in the fifth race when Col. Ruppert, a three-year-old colt by Gotham-Frederica, owned by Jerry Wernberg, the well known Brooklyn lawyer, came home in front.

The colt opened at 15 to 1 and the money poured into the books in a flood. Eddie Burke, Charley Cash, "Counselor" Lichten stein and his noted brother Sol, Jerry Wernberg and every clubhouse commissioner put down as much money as the books would take, until the odds had been hammered down to 3 to 1. Every book in the ring suffered, and a fair estimate, according to a ring sharp who looked over many of the sheets, placed the losses of the layers at more than \$100,000.

The colt was ridden by Burns and was prepared for the race by John J. McCafferty at Brighton Beach. He was entered to be sold for \$1,500, and as soon as Judge McDowell called for bids O. L. Richards proceeded to boost him to \$3,000, at which figure he was retained by his owner. Richards bid the colt up, he said, in order to square accounts with McCafferty, who had bid up some of his horses in California last winter

Another killing was attempted though it failed, in the same race with Vladivostok, a colt by Esher-Varina. He opened at 25 to 1 and was hammered down to fours. Leo Mayer got a big bet on at 20 to 1, while Otto Stifei, the St. Louis brewer, stood to win \$60,000 if the coup went through. Stifel had one bet alone with Henry Harris of \$2,500 to \$100. The defeat of Vladivostok therefore dug a hole in the \$22,000 bank roll that Stifel cleaned up on La Sorciere at Belmont Park on Wednesday

Bookmaker Leo Mayer won thousands during the afternoon. He cleaned up \$25,000 on Ivan the Terrible in the first race. Then he bet \$5,000 on Jacquin in the second race at 11 to 5. He wagered a similar amount on Graziallo all three ways in the Brooklyn Handiers and these ways in the Brooklyn Handicap and though he met a few reverses later on he left the track well satisfied with the day's proceedings.

Lady Amelia burned up a fortune in the first race. E. R. Thomas lost \$6,000 on the filly, who ran in his colors last year. Others who bet on her heavily were Tom Woodford, Los Hayman, Sol Lisheattein Lers Lers. Joe Hayman, Sol Lichenstein, Jose Lewisohn and Charley Cash. Johnny Coleman and Mike Minden played Shot Gun straight. Tom Costigan and Jack McDonald took Ancestor, while Eddie Burke won \$10,000 on Ivan the Terrible. Lyne, who rode this winner received permission from E. E. Smathers to take the mount, the latter engaging Hildebrand to ride Irene

Jacquin's victory served as a heavy blow to the ring. Dave Johnson is known to have bet \$5,000 on him, while Sol Lichenstein, Cash, Frank Farrell and the Sullistein, Cash. Frank Farrell and the Sullivans all had down heavy wagers. Jesse Lewisohn lost a commission on Conjurer. It was estimated that \$50,000 was burned up by First Water, the bulk of it being wagered by the Lichensteins, Lewisohn and Bennington. M. L. Hayman had a large bet on Plebeian to show.

bet on Plebeian to show.

The betting on the big race was the beaviest of the day. Those who cashed on Deihi included the Wasserman brothers, Johnny Coleman, Harry Hoffman, Lucien Appleby, the Lichensteins, Lewisohn, Cash, Frank Farrell. Dave Johnson, Doc McDermott, the Sullivans, Harry Shafer and a majority of the clubhouse patrons.

of the clubhouse patrons.

Ray, the clubhouse commissioner, bet \$5,000 across the board on Ostrich. Ed. Stutte bet \$2,500 on Colonial Girl. Joe Yeager wagered \$5,000 on the Jennings stable, Sim Deimel and Eole Pearsall took

stable, Sim Deimel and Eole Pearsall took Lord of the Vale, while G. L. Graham and Tom Down, both heavy speculators, played Dainty and Proper.

In the last race Bennington won \$20,000, it is said, on Voorhees. He had one wager alone with Leo Mayer of \$4,000 to \$1,000 straight and \$1,600 to \$1,000 a place.

Jule Garson, Sol Lichtenstein and Charley Cash plunged on Don Diego. E. E. Smathers had a good bet on Transcript, while M. L. Hayman and Jack Bennett backed Miss Point and Flip Flap, respectively.

It was estimated that the ring lost \$250,000 on the day, some of the big books dropping as much as \$8,000, while the smaller ones were beaten out of amounts ranging up to \$3,000. There were no odds on winners, which was partially accountable for the

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FENCE DIVIDES GOATS FROM SHEEP AT GRAVESEND.

Great Run on the Field Stand-Public Seem Glad to Get Back to the Old Farm, Away From the Reverse Running-Hannah Elias Attracts Attention

Many mutual friends who went to Gravesend yesterday failed to meet, and the fence was to blame. The fence was the partition between the grand stand and the field stand, and it divided the goats and the

sheep. The goats refused to pay \$3. "I've seen every Brooklyn since 1887 and every one of them from the fashionable side of the fence until now," said one of

and every one of them from the fashionable side of the fence until now," said one of the goats, sticking his whiskers through the pickets, "but I refuse to yield to the demands of the plutocrats. I can bet just as rapidly over here and I can guess the winner as the field goes by us outlanders, so I've decided to stay among the plain people and use for supper the \$2 that I save."

"Tut, tut, Bill, and poch-pooh!" said his friend the sheep, speaking from the wealthy enclosure. "What's a dollar or two to a sport? You'll never be happy over there among the pikers. You'll come back, and next year, when they raise the price to \$5, you'll throw up your hat and say you're glad the sport of kings is being protected from the low browed."

Such was the division of opinion, as it was expressed all day. All the veterans said, after they glanced at the crowd, that the increase in the price of admission to the grand standhad driven to the field stand at least 4,000 people who formerly paid \$2 for admission. The defection was among women as well as men. Pikers who bet \$1 or \$2 on a race hate to lose a bet at the ticket office.

The lose to the grandstand was quite noticeable. On other Brooklyn Handicap

the ticket office.

The loss to the grandstand was quite noticeable. On other Brooklyn Handicap days there has been such a crowd in the stand at the start of the big race that it was impossible to reach the head of any stair. Yesterday one not only could reach the promenade, but could get a seat.

This undoubtedly was due to some extent to the extension of the grandstand, but not entirely, for the prices of admission to the boxes in the new part were high enough to bar all but the very prosperous.

Outside of the occasional murmurs about the high prices there was a general feeling of satisfaction at the track. The old timers were glad to be away from Belmont Park, where, they complain, horses haven't

where giad to be away from Belmont Park, where, they complain, horses haven't learned to run to form the reverse way of the track. Those who go merely as spectators disliked Belmont Park for its great distances and the poor chance any one but a clubman had of viewing a finish as it should be viewed. These like Gravesend because the track is close at hand, the course is comparatively small and the end because the track is close at hand, the course is comparatively small and the spectator can distinguish colors on the backstretch without a glass. It would seem odd to have a classic as popular as the Brooklyn run on a course where the finish could not be seen by everybody at the track

track. Gravesend looked spruce yesterday. All the buildings had been slicked up, the field fences were white and the lawn and infield beautiful green. A light breeze rippled

the grass.

The crowd began to come about 12:30 o'clock. Those who used the Long Island Railroad trains were inclined to kick because they had to pay 50 cents for the round trip, although that was less than the tariff to and from Belmont Park. Those who liked an easy, quiet ride went to the Battery, ferried to Thirty-ninth street, Brooklyn, and went thence by trolley to Gravesend, a trip that costs 15 cents each way, and at least seems quicker.

way, and at least seems quicker.

It was remarkable how many trolleys were almost emptied at the field entrance, showing the number of rebels against the \$3 edict of the Jookey Club. One young man was seen to leave at the field entrance, man was seen to leave at the held entrance, bidding a temporary farewell to his girl, who went on and paid \$1.50 to enter the grandstand. He had insisted on it, she explained to a friend. Many patrons who came to the track intending to patronize the field stand wilted when they saw the growd it was attracting and so went on the

as much as \$5.000, while the smaller ones were beaten out of amounts ranging up to \$3.000. There were no odds on winners, which was partially accountable for the slaughter.

RECEIPTS NEARLY \$50,000.

More Than 27.000 Persons Pay the Increased Hates of Admission.

Just before the Brooklyn Handleap was run a man associated with the Jockey Club and the various racing associations was asked for an estimate of the attendance. He said that according to good authority, more than 12,000 persons including 4,000 women had paid admission to the grandstand, while 15,000 persons including 4,000 women had paid admission to the grandstand, while 15,000 persons had patronized the field.

On this basis 9,000 men gave up a total of \$27,000 at \$3 a head, 4,000 women paid \$2.000 at \$1.50 a piece, while \$15,000 was garnered in the field making a total of \$15,000 in gross receipts. With \$2.700 for programs at ten cents a piece, the Brooklyn Jockey Club took from the public it is believed, about \$50,000.

With this auspicious beginning, under the new regime, the track officials, however, were not satisfied that the present scale of prices would prove a success and until the daily attendance settles down to normal figures final judgment cannot be passed. The crowd was smaller than that of last year, when it was estimated that \$5,000 persons were on hand.

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UNTRIMMED HATS OF FANCY STRAW BRAID, EACH, \$1.50 WISTARIA, HYDRANGEA, VIOLET AND BLUET BLOSSOMS. 65c. PER BUNCH.

(DEPARTMENT ON FIRST FLOOR.)

not so much the fact that the cost of their admission had been raised 50 cents as the fact that there were no betting commissioners and it was very hard to get a bet down. The ring would have suffered on the running of the Brooklyn if they had been able to bet, for most of the women like the Keene colors, and those who don't are charmed with the lovely Tommy Burns, who rode Delhi. Those who didn't fancy Delhi were for Ostrich, partly for his pink sash and partly for his long price.

But even if they couldn't bet they had some compensation. Hannah Elias was there, she who took some hundreds of thousands from old Mr. Platt and got away with it per the courts. She arrived in a hand-SEAL AMERICA'S BEST Champagne sands from old Mr. Platt and got away with it per the courts. She arrived in a hand-some landau and took a seat in the grand stand just opposite the finish. She had on a dress of him voile and a hat that was described by those about her as very grand. As soon as the word spread that Hannah Elias was near there was a great rubbering, which lasted all the afternoon. The negress didn't appear to notice that she was a target.

Other objects of attention were Lillian Russell, who sat, statuesque, in a box, and

Truly Shattuck, who wandered about the lawn. Both had bete on Ivan the Terrible in the first race, remembering that he was named after one of Richard Mansfield's named after one of Richard Mansfield's characters.

The betting ring was congested just about as much as it always is on a big day at Gravesend. It may not take a trained athlete to get a bet down, but it takes a man with considerable patience to stand the rushing and jostling of the pinheads who run for the bookmakers. Ninety per cent. of the bookies haven't sense enough to figure their own odds or courage enough



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